

The Ypsi-Sem



NOVEMBER, 1912

Volume 3

Number 2

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The Upsi-Sem

VOL. 3

YPSILANTI, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 2

L I T E R A R Y

A Beaver Hunt

It was Saturday morning, and as soon as we had eaten our breakfast, my uncle went to the door, and, after listening and looking at the sky a few moments, said:

"Boys, if we intend to catch any beaver, we had better do it today. We are going to have a bad storm, and before two days, the woods will be blocked up so that we cannot go hunting at all."

James and I were eager to accompany my uncle, for beaver hunting was something entirely new to us; but Harry concluded to make another attempt to capture the black fox; for my Uncle's description of his swiftness and cunning had rendered him an object worthy of attention, and made Harry more anxious than ever to catch him.

James and I drew on our overcoats, strapped our blankets fast to our belts, and filled our haversacks. When all was ready, we took our guns and axes, and followed my uncle from the cabin. About noon we came to a halt on the banks of a large pond that lay hemmed in on all sides by the trees: Near the center of this pond were several objects of a conical shape, looking like drifts of snow. These were the beavers' houses.

James and I were entirely at a loss to conceive how we were to go to work to capture the beaver. If we begin to cut through the houses, the animals will take alarm in a moment, and dive under the ice, where they would be safe from all pursuit.

"I will show you how it is done," said my Uncle, who perceived that we did not understand it. "In the first place take your axes and go and pound on every house you can see."

"Why that will frighten out all the beaver," said James.

"That is just what I want to do," said my Uncle, "You know that a beaver cannot live under water any longer than you or I."

He then went on to explain that the banks on each side of the pond were supplied with "breathing holes," which were dug into the bank, and extended upward above the level of the water, and that the beaver, when frightened out of their houses, would seek refuge in these holes, where they could be easily captured.

"But how do we know where these holes are?" asked James.

"Easy enough," answered my Uncle. "All you have to do is to go along the bank and strike the ice with an ax, and you can tell by the sound where they are. Now, you go and pound on those houses, and drive out the beaver."

James and I laid down our guns, and commenced an attack on the dwellings of the beaver, when the animals at once plunged into the water under the ice. After every house had been visited, and were satisfied that we had made noise sufficient enough to drive out all the beaver, we returned to the place where we had left my Uncle, and found him engaged in cutting a hole in the ice close to the bank. As we came up he told James to fasten his hunting knife to a long sapling for a spear, and for me to chop a hole in the bank directly opposite to the one he had cut in the ice.

By the time the spear was finished, I had an opening cut down into the "breathing-hole," and James discovered three beaver crouching

in the furthest corner. Useless, my dog, thrust his head into the hole, and contented himself at barking at the game; but Brave, James' dog, squeezed himself down into the opening among the beaver, and attacked them furiously. The animals made a desperate resistance, and in a few moments Brave backed out of the hole, with his ears and nose bleeding from several wounds, which showed that the long teeth of the beaver had been used to good advantage. James gazed in surprise at the dog's lacerated head, and exclaimed:

"Theres something besides a beaver in there."

"No, I think not," replied my Uncle.

"Your dog is very careless, you must understand that beaver can fight if he makes up his mind to it. And when you get one of them cornered, it takes something besides a coon dog to whip him."

James made no reply, and my Uncle reached down with his long spear, when one after another of the beaver were killed and pulled out on the bank. The attack on the houses was then renewed, to drive out any other animals which might have returned. In the next "breathing-hole" two beaver were found, but only one was secured, the other making his escape by plunging back under the ice. While we were cutting into the next hole, a large mink suddenly popped out from under the roots of a tree, into which my Uncle was chopping; and although James made a frantic blow at him with the handle of his ax, he succeeded in getting past him, and started across the pond toward the opposite shore. James and I immediately went in pursuit, James leading the way and I following close behind him, brandishing his spear, and shouting to the dogs which were close upon the mink's heels. The little animal made headway through the snow with a rapidity that was surprising; but the long bounds of the dogs were rapidly diminishing the distance between them, and when about half way across the pond, Useless overtook and seized him. We increased our speed, fearful that the dog might spoil the skin, which was one of the finest we had ever seen.

"Useless!" shouted James, "Get out! drop —!"

He did not finish the sentence for suddenly there was a loud crack and the ice opened beneath him, and he sank out of sight in the cold water. James rose almost instantly, for he was an expert swimmer; but his sudden im-

mersion into the cold water seemed to have paralyzed his limbs, and rendered him incapable of action. I turned immediately and made a desperate clutch at James long hair; but I was too late, for the unfortunate young hunter again sank slowly out of sight. My mind was made up in an instant, and hastily pulling off my fur cap and comforter, I unbuckled my belt and began to take off my overcoat.

"Take care now," exclaimed my Uncle who at this moment came up. "Do not let James get a hold of you or you will both go down together;" and my Uncle threw himself on his knees, and stretched his long arm out over the water ready to catch James if he should come up within his reach, while I stood upon the edge of the ice, ready to plunge into the water the moment he should rise again.

But my intentions were anticipated; for at this moment Brave came bounding to the spot, carrying the mink in his mouth. Understanding in an instant, that something was wrong, he dropped his game and sprang into the water. At this moment James' head appeared at the surface, and the dog seized him, then, both disappeared together. But they arose a moment afterward, and Brave, holding the rescued hunter by the collar of his coat, swam toward his master, and James was drawn out on the ice, in a state of insensibility.

"Here! here!" exclaimed my Uncle, running around to the place where I was kneeling holding James in my arms; "Give him to me and you run back and get the axes."

My Uncle raised his young companion in his arms as easily as though he had been an infant, and started toward the bank at the top of his speed; while I, after pulling Brave out of the water, ran back after the axes. When I again found my Uncle he was on the bank, kneeling beside James, and engaged in chafing his hands and temples.

"Now, Youngster!" exclaimed my Uncle, "If you ever worked in your life, work now. Build a fire and throw up a shantee. We must get the wet clothes off him at once."

As may be supposed I worked with a will, knowing that the life of my companion depended on my exertions. In a short time I had a roaring fire, and a rude shelter erected, when James, wet and frozen clothes were pulled off and hung up to dry and he was warmly wrapped up in blankets.

The rubbing was continued a few moments longer, when we had the satisfaction of seeing

him open his eyes and gaze about him. My Uncle now left the hut. In a short time he returned, with a bunch of herbs in his hands, and soon afterward a cup of strong, nauseating tea was pressed to James' lips, and he was compelled to swallow the whole of it. He was then enveloped in more blankets, and ordered to "go to sleep."

While my Uncle and I were seated before the fire, talking over the accident, we heard the noise of approaching footsteps on the crust, and presently Harry hurried up to the hut.

"What's the matter with James?" inquired Harry, hurriedly, for he saw that my Uncle and I were the only ones at the fire.

"Oh, he got a ducking in the pond, that's all," replied my Uncle. "Do not be alarmed. He is sleeping nicely now."

"I thought somebody was drowned sure," said Harry "for I saw the hole in the ice, and your guns and overcoats scattered about, as though they had been thrown down in a great hurry."

In about an hour James awoke, and, of course, was immediately assailed with innumerable questions. Among others, his brother asked him why he did not swim when he fell into the water.

"Why didn't I swim!" repeated James; "I could not move. It seemed as though every

drop of blood in my body was frozen solid as soon as I touched the water. But where's the black fox you were going to bring back with you? Did you catch him?"

Harry replied in the negative; and then went on to tell how he had found the trail in the gully, followed it for a mile then suddenly lost it again, all efforts to recover it proving unsuccessful.

About the middle of the afternoon, James declaring that he was able to travel, was allowed to put on his clothes, and then we shouldered our guns and started for home.

The sight of the snug little cabin was a pleasant thing to the eyes of James, Harry and I that evening, for the day's hunt had been a hard as well as profitable one. A fire was quickly started, and, while the supper was cooking, James changed his wet clothes; and a strong cup of coffee, as my Uncle remarked, "set him all right again." After supper, how soft and comfortable the blankets felt! We lay for a long time in silence, watching the sparks as they arose slowly toward the opening in the roof that served as a chimney and listening to the whistling of the wind and the sifting of the snow against the walls of the cabin; for the storm that my Uncle had predicted had already set in.

Mrs. Collins's Skeleton

The night before Hallowe'en, Johnny pleaded Biddy, to tell them about Mrs. Collins's pig, or something funny.

"Oh yes! do, do!" echoed little Minnie and Tom.

"Go 'long wid yez! who ever heard of such a thing? It's the horrible kind, all about ghosts and goblins, that belongs to Hallowe'en and they'd skeer the wits out of yez."

"Pooh!" said Tom, "I'd like to hear the story that could frighten me!"

"Would yez now?" asked Biddy, with a wicked twinkle in her eye. "Pigs, indade! I could tell yez something about Mrs. Collins, now, that ud stand ivery one uv yer hairs on ind."

"Then, tell us!" cried the children, crowding about her, all but Tom, who stood at the end of the hearth, feeling very brave indeed.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, "you might scare the girls, Biddy, but you couldn't scare me."

"Well," began Biddy, "yez must know that before Mrs. Collins came to this country, she had a hard quarrel, indade, with one of her payple. Did yez ever mind, now, a square scar on the furhead uv 'er?"

"Yes," whispered the children.

"Well," resumed Biddy, "I'll tell yez more about that in a minute. She had a quarrel, I say, in the old country concernin' the ownin' of the farm she was livin' on. Ye see Mither Collins—as fine a boy as ever lived, pace to his soul!—well, he left it all to his wife, and he hadn't been dead a month before his cousin Jim came flustering around wid a law paper called a margidge, or something like that, and claimed the property hisself—the baste! and she—poor crature! after payin'

most iverythin' she had to the lawyers, was glad to git out uv the whole business, and come over to this country; Jim, he livin' on the farm like a gentleman, an' she a washin' and scrubbin' here in Ameriky by the day. At last, just about a month ago, what should come but a letter, telling how Jim had just died, in great trouble of mind an' body; tellin' how he had confessed he had sold the farm, and the paper he had got was all a lie indade, and he frettin' to the last bekase he must die widout Mrs. Collins's forgiveness; and in the same letter they sind her fifty dollars that Jim left her on his dyin' bed."

"That was kind of Jim," suggested Johnny.

"Och, kind!" exclaimed Biddy, wrathfully. "Well, she was plazed enough to get the money for all, as she told me herself, indade, here in this kitchen; and that same evenin' she came to ask would the mistress let me go stop wid her that night, for she felt kind uv skeered-like to be alone after hearin' uv Jim dyin,' an' he worryin' about her. Well, your Mother was willin' and thin Mrs. Collins asked if I would go home with her at oncet, and mind the place for her, while she went to just a store or two. Well, I went back wid her, and thin she lit a candle on the table, and told me she would just take a run in the street for the things she wanted. But I tell you she wasn't gone tin minutes before I wished meself out of it again. There was the quarest creaking noise goin' on yez ever heard, and the candle began to flare back'ards and forr'ards—so," said Biddy, and trying to illustrate, she accidentally extinguished the candle on the table beside her, leaving the large kitchen quite dim.

"Wait," said Johnny, who was becoming rather nervous; "let me light the candle before you go on."

"Och, what's the matter wid yez?" chided Biddy. "Be aisy, will yez, and kape yer sate till I tell yez."

"Well," she resumed, "the quare noises got worse and worse, and the candle kep' flarin' wilder, until at last it wint out on me intirely, and there I stud in the dark. I made me way to the door, and, belave me, if Mrs. Collins hadn't locked it by mistake and taken the key wid her; so after walkin' about the room, and knockin' over the things tryin' to find a match, I bethought me to knock on the wall and find if there wasn't some one in the next room that would push me in a match or two under the door, when—the saints protect us!—if I didn't

hear the awfullest groanin' a comin' out of the wall that iver a mortal heard. So I just jumped into bed."

"Oh dear! I don't wonder you were frighened Biddy," said Minny, as the children came more closely about her, and even Master Tom drew a few steps nearer, and sat down.

"But the worst hasn't come yet. Well, there I lay tryin' to kape the groanin' out uv me ears, when I felt somethin' pullin' at the bed covers, and then if somethin' warm didn't brathe over me face. Just as I was goin' to skrame out, Mrs. Collins came hurryin' in; and I felt quite comfortable when I saw the candle lit again. 'Do ye know, Biddy,' sez she, 'It puts me all in a shiver-like when I think how I've bin spindin' Jim's money, and he moulderin' in the grave, widout me iver forgiven' him at all?' 'Och, don't be silly, Mrs. Collins,' sez I, though I couldn't help shiverin' meself when I bethought me of the dreadful groanin's I had heard. And we got to talkin' about one thing an' another, until at last we both fell aslape."

"And didn't anything more happen, after all?" asked Tom, quite dissappointed.

"Wait till yez hear," said Biddy, mysteriously adding, as she looked nervously around her, causing all the children to do the same. "Well, as I was sayin', we both fell aslape, and I didn't wake up till the middle ov the night. The moon by that time was a pourin' in the room, showin' all the furniture and everythin' distinct, and there, in the corner, I saw the black thing a-standin' lookin' at me with glarin' eyes; and the next minute if I didn't see a sight that made me almost jump out of bed wid terror. There, on a chair close by Mrs. Collins' side of the bed, was—yez may believe me now, for I saw it with my own eyes—a skeleton! a skeleton, stark an' stiff on the chair, a kind of leanin' over by Mrs. Collins; and she sleepin'.

"Oh, Biddy!" exclaimed all the children, in a breathless whisper, "What did you do?" "Just wait till I tell yez. Well, there I was lyin' lookin' at it, for I couldn't take my eyes off it for amazement; anyway, when the room gettin' lighter with the comin' mornin' Mrs. Collins gave a start, and riz straight up in the bed—"and hadn't it disappeared by that time?" asked Tommy, trembling.

"Niver a bit," answered Biddy. "But Mrs. Collins didn't seem to see it at first; so she jumped out of bed, and asked me wouldn't I

hurry and go with her to early Mass. The words were no sooner out of her mouth than she turned suddenly and looked at it. The next minute her hand was upon the skeleton, a-raisin' it from the chair."

The children clung closer to Biddy, and Tom managed to gasp out: "Well, what happened then? Tell us, quick!"

"Happened!" exclaimed Biddy. "Why, nothing-only Mrs. Collins gave it a shake or two and put it on; ond a very fine skeleton it was; a fine black dress. The fifty dollars had overcome her since intirely."

The children began to laugh and Tom look-

ed rather sheepish as he said: "I knew it would turn out to be something of that kind!"

"But the black goblin, Biddy, with the glaring eyes?" asked John, not quite satisfied.

"The goblind," said Biddy, "was the black cat, ye silly crayture!"

"And the creaking, Biddy, and the groans in the wall?"

"Och! sure; that was a poor old soul in the next room a-rockin' in an old chair, an' a-groan-in' wid the toothache. But sakes alive! If it ain't strikin' nine! Go to bed wid yez, now; an' you, Master Tom, don't be so aisy skeered wid skeletons next time."

An Account of the Alumni Reunion, June 14, 1912

Members of the Alumni Association, the Class of 1912, and their friends met in the dining room of the First M. E. church, where a delicious banquet was served by the members of the Epworth League.

At the close of the banquet Mr. D. L. Quirk, the president, presided over the business session of the association.

Harry Shaefer, the chairman of the executive committee, reported that \$27.66 had been expended during the year, and a balance of \$109.36 remained in the treasury.

J. P. Everett, chairman of the nominating committee, reported the following nominations:

President, John Thompson; vice-president, Atwood McAndrew; secretary, Carrie Hardy; executive committee; McKee Robison, '05; Charles E. King, '69, and George Ross, '98; program committee: Mrs. Clara Van Fossen, '81, George Burke, '03, Mary Horrigan, '86; banquet committee, Jessie Swaine, '97, Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet Fletcher, '04, Edward George, '07; nominating committee, Alfred Wortley, '09, John Brooks, '10, Mrs. Arthur Sullivan, '09, scholarship fund committee, John McCann, '96, Charles Woodruff, '69, Arthur Holmes, '98.

The report of the scholarship committee, made by John McCann, the chairman, was as follows:

Cash on hand from dues,—\$95.00

Subscriptions pledged: Charles Woodruff, \$25.00; Arthur Holmes, \$25.00; George William Moore, \$25.00; Mrs. Kinne, \$75.00; John Stoddart, \$25.00; George Damon, \$25.00; Alfred Lucking, \$15.00; Mrs. Van Fossen, \$5.00.

This committee suggested that a permanent trusteeship for the handling of the scholarship

be immediately incorporated under the laws of the state and that this trusteeship be authorized to proceed with the solicitations and collections of the funds. This committee further suggested that the incorporators be authorized to have published a small prospectus of the fund, setting forth its object and its methods of accumulation and disbursements. The trustee is required to report each year to the association, and no expenditures from the fund are to be made, except those absolutely necessary for organization and necessary expenses. The committee recommended that a subscriber for ten dollars, or over, be given a paid up life membership in the Alumni Association.

Mr. Quirk introduced the toastmistress of the evening, Miss Mary Horrigan, and the program followed. Songs by Roy Parsons, Lucile Ross, and George Becker were very pleasing to the members of the association and the participants graciously responded with encores.

Toasts were responded to by Walter B. McDougall, '05, of Ann Arbor, on "Shoes—Old and New;" Herbert Connell, '07, Detroit, "Flights;" Jessie W. Hill, '86, Detroit, "My Silver Anniversary;" Joseph I. Lang, '96, Richmond, Ill., "Res Gestae," John W. Watling, '00, Detroit, "Some Things I Didn't Learn in School;" Warren Emery, '12, "Jam Tempus Agi Res."

The class of 1912 then sang their class song which was composed by Willoween Baker.

After some pleasing reminiscences by Norman Johnson, '00, of Moline, Ill., all joined in singing the high school, "Alma Mater," and the association adjourned to meet again in June, 1913.

The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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Publisher, The Ypsilanti High School, Ypsilanti, Mich.

LAMAR M. KISHLAR,
 Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of Sept., 1912.

EDMUND HEWITT,
 Notary Public

My commission expires Feb. 7, 1914.

Editorials

This season has brought a revival of our high school football team, after an interval of three years. Mr. Hull, our new principal, thinking there was enough material in the school, started out early to get the boys into condition, and has succeeded in whipping into shape a team which will, no doubt, creditably represent the Y. H. S.

The boys have been faithful in practicing, and are much encouraged by their first victory in the game with Chelsea.

We, as a high school, ought to support the team as heartily as possible. By doing this we shall develop some real school spirit of which the Y. H. S. is badly in need. Let us not think only of ourselves and our own pleasures, but of the school, and of what we can do to make our companions happy, and thus boost the school.

There are several ways in which we can boost the H. S. team. For instance, we can be present at all the games, at least those played in the home town, to root, and cheer the players when our boys are losing, we can cheer them up by some lusty yelling, (if our yell-master is absent on important business in Ann Arbor.) It encourages a player to hear friendly cheering on the side lines, and he may then play harder, and thus win the game. Again we can help by urging others to come to the games, and thus enlarge the athletic association.

So let us consider all these points, and do our best to invigorate school spirit.

—:o:—

When you are reading over the Ypsi-Sem, do you ever read the ads? If you don't, you should. We wish to impress upon you the importance of this. It the first place to us it will be a favor sure to be appreciated, and to our advertisers a greater benefit still. The existence of this paper depends in great measure upon the advertisers, and as they do so much for us, it is only fair that we should patronize them.

A T H L E T I C S

CHELSEA vs. YPSI HIGH

Saturday, October 5, 1912

CHELSEA 0 YPSI 6 At end of first half

The game between Chelsea and Ypsi High came off sharply at 2 o'clock on Reinhart's field. The Chelsea team was unusually strong this being their second game of the season, the first one being with Ann Arbor High; and though Chelsea was defeated in their first game they must have gained invaluable practice from the strong Ann Arbor team.

The toss was won by D. Bacon, the captain and fullback of the Chelsea team. The Chelsea boys received the kickoff and advanced the ball quite a long distance before the man was downed. The Chelsea players had a pretty good string of trick plays and in the first few minutes of play they tried every trick they knew, the result being that Ypsi was quite swept away until they caught on to Chelsea's style of play. Several long runs were made around left end and the neatness of their interference kept G. Robinson and Bellows quite at bay; but when once G. Robinson dived for their interference the play had gone as far as it could possibly go. On the other wing, O. Robinson and Richards broke up all kinds of end plays for the Chelsea men before they were even well formed. But if by chance any play did get through the line "Little Willie Proctor" was right on hand and got the man every time.

Yet in spite of these facts, the Chelsea team made good consistent gains, and managed to just make their first down several times and after about five minutes of play, the Ypsi huskies found the Chelsea braves on Ypsi's eight yard line with four yards to gain on the fourth down. Then the Ypsi line held like a stone-wall and when Bacon, Chelsea's big fullback, tried to go over the line for a touchdown he hit the line with an awful swat but the line held, the ball went over to Ypsi's possession and Richards showed the Chelsea men how a real punt should be made. And all of this in just a few minutes. The Chelsea safety had not even got into his position when Richards punted and the ball was downed far down the field and a safe distance from Ypsi's goal. Never again in the rest of the game was the

ball in Ypsi's territory while the Chelsea representatives were battered and hammered all over the center of the field.

It was in the second quarter of the game after a run around right and left end by Richards and Bellows respectively and a rushing plunge through the line and a forward pass by "Eddy" MacRay, that a touchdown was scored by the Ypsi team. A neat little trick play, in which the whole backfield, except the fullback go around one end while the fullback "high-balls" around the opposite wing, netted the points.

MacRay, with that elephantine charge, characteristic only of him, needed little interference and made the touchdown easily. But "Rabbit" Davis failed to kick the goal so when the whistle was heard at the end of the first half the score stood 6 to 0 in Ypsi's favor. But again it looked as though Ypsi would make another touchdown for when Chelsea kicked off the Ypsi boys rushed the ball down the field in grand style and had the ball on Chelsea's twenty-yard line when the whistle ended the first half.

So far, the teams were in fine shape, little time having been taken out except for the injury to Richards, who was tackled heavily, and Minor who tried to stop the rush of Chelsea's Goliath with his stomach. This practice Minor found to be wholly unsuccessful after he had had the wind jolted from him in a very unceremonious manner.

In the third quarter, Ypsi kicked off to Chelsea, and Bacon, the fullback received the ball and started to advance it down the field. It was then through a high tackle by Bellows, and tackle around the hips by Proctor at almost the same instant, that Bacon was laid out with a badly sprained back and neck. His injuries were such that he was unable to go into the game again and since he had been calling the signals and there was no substitute who could take his place the game had to be forfeited by the Chelsea coach in favor of the Ypsi team.

Yet the interference of the Chelsea High team, made by the backfield, stands in line for high praise. The labors of a coach are not for

nothing, if he is able to work up a machine that can develop as pretty interference as was shown on the Ypsi lot.

The Ypsi team's line-up was

O. Robinson—L. E.
 Davis—L. T.
 Sherzer—L. G.
 Voorhees—C.
 Tefft—R. G.
 Minor—R. T.
 G. Robinson—R. E.
 Proctor—J. B.
 Bellows—R. H.
 MacRay—F. B.
 Richards—L. H.

JUNIORS VS. SENIORS

SCORE—12 TO 12

Monday, October 18, the strong Junior and Senior teams of Ypsi High came together for their annual battle of supremacy upon Rhinehart Field. The result was a score of 12 to 12 and a few hurt feelings.

Sharply at 4:30 p. m. the game was called and the Seniors received the kick off. The ball was advanced about fifteen yards and finally owned on the seniors' 35-yard line. And then followed a series of awful line plunges carried most of the time by MacRay and Robinson. The first down was made several times after two or three plunges but the next play—that fateful forward pass was intercepted by "Mully" and the first touchdown was scored. The ball was again received by the Seniors and "Tall Boy" playing right end received the ball and, with pretty interference formed by Lewis and MacGregor, returned the ball to the Juniors' 30-yard line. But on the thirty-line all progress was stopped when "Algy" Richards came in to break up the run.

In the next quarter the ball was carried on down toward the goal mostly by the brilliant plunges of Captain MacRay, and when he rooted another hole in the Juniors' line he was seen to perch upon the Juniors' goal line. Thus the second Senior touchdown was made. In a few more minutes the gong sounded and the first half was over. But just a few seconds before the whistle blew some unknown Junior hero slugged O. Robinson in the eye, presenting said person with as beautiful a "shiner"—as they say in slang—as could be wished for.

In the second half of the game Richards, G. Robinson and "Stub" Webb showed up as the real stars of the Junior team, while most

of the spectacular playing on the Senior team seemed to be done by MacRay and O. Robinson. In the third quarter Richards broke through the line in a miraculous manner, out of the very clutches of O. Robinson and hurried down the field to make a touchdown. Again the score was evened up after a series of good gains made by Robinson and MacRay around first one end and then the other. No goals were kicked in the game as the goal posts had been broken down a few days before in a practice game.

To class games there seems to be but one objection. This class game as in the case of all previous class games riased a feeling of antagonism between the classes and the fellows and since many Junior fellows as well as Seniors played regularly on the High School team, who also played in the class game, a feeling of antagonism was aroused among the fellows of the High School team and, if a successful, winning football machine is to be turned out this year, this ill feeling must not exist, and as long as it does exist, the High School team will be a failure. Then again this class rivalry which is often started on the football gridiron is sometimes carried into the school; then there is a lack of unity among the classes and the school consequently suffers.

Hoping this feeling does not exist for very long, otherwise, it can be said that this exhibition was an extra neat specimen of the game, and although each team was penalized repeatedly the game was as good a one as was ever played between class teams.

The lineup:

Juniors—Stub Webb, L. E.; Briggs, L. T.; Tenny, L. G.; Basset, C.; Jefferson, R. G.; Thayer, R. T.; Brown-Woods, R. E.; Proctor, Q.; Maulbetch, L. H.; Guy Robinson R. H.; Richards, (Capt.) F. B.

Seniors—Minor, L. E.; MacGregor, L. T.; D. Bird, L. G.; Campbell, C.; Fefft, R. G.; Hurdley, R. T.; Bellows, R. E.; Seckinger, Q.; O. Robinson, L. H.; C. Lewis, R. H.; MacRay, (Capt.) F. B.

Y. H. S. vs. A. A. H. S.

SCORE, A. A. 20—YPSI 7.

On Wednesday, October 16, 1912 Ypsi High played a practice game with A. A. H. S. The game was purely for practice and although the Ypsi boys were played all around by the fast A. A. team the practice and experience gained by Ypsi is hardly able to be estimated.

The game was played at A. A. Fair grounds beginning at 4:10 p. m. and, since Coach Hull had to get his "mob" back to Ypsi at 5:45, it was necessary to catch the 5:17 car from Ann Arbor so the quarters had to be made short, and the time between halves also short.

It was a fast game from the beginning and all the Ypsi men played hard to hold the Ann Arborites. Ann Arbor kicked off to Ypsi and the ball was advanced to A. A.'s 60-yard line and then a series of line bucks was begun tearing huge holes in the right wing of Ann Arbor's football representatives of the High School and large gains were made every down. The ball was advanced in this manner until the pigskin was held by the Ypsi youths on Ann Arbor's 20-yard line. But the distance was not made on the fourth down, with three yards to go, and the ball went over.

Almost all of the Arborites' runs were around the ends, sending a man first around right end and then around left; but on account of the excellent interference that was made by the back men (and the ball) good gains were made most every down, while the ball was carried most of the time by the "Flying Dutchman" otherwise heralded as "Dutch." Any one who saw the game knows who he is and his manner of play and also his speed.

A touchdown was made by Ann Arbor in the first, third and fourth quarters and all the goals were successfully kicked except the one in the third quarter. But contrary to a statement in the Ann Arbor paper let it be said that there was as many as several times 20 minutes of play, the boast being that Ann Arbor High scored 21 points over Ypsi High in 20 minutes of play.

SCHOOL TERMS

A shark—A species of animal, prone to hard study and good recitations; almost extinct.

Exams.—The final reckoning for those who have failed to bluff the teacher.

Flunk.—An unappreciated recitation; a common occurrence.

Books.—Articles for expanding the cranium; used to a limited extent by the freshmen.

—:o:—

If a body meet a body
In the halls at school;
Should a body snub a body
To obey the "No Talk" rule?

In the third quarter it was quickly seen that Maulbetch had been lost in the parade and was laying prostrated on the field where he had been thrown in attempting to stop the rush of the Arborites and when the rescue corps finally arrived he was making an awful noise, and at first it was thought that he had picked up a frog somewhere and eaten it, and now was "croaking," but it was soon learned that his right ankle had been twisted badly, it being necessary to send a sub in to take his place. Here's hoping that no more of the fellows get put out of the game on account of injuries until, at least, part of the year's schedule has been played, for beginning with next Saturday the games will be played every week.

The lineup:

Ann Arbor—Fisher, L. E.; Tschung, L. T.; Heiser, L. G.; Adams, C.; Novy, R. G.; Wickliffe, R. T.; Fields, R. E.; Shadford, Q.; Schmidt, L. H.; Edwards, R. H.; Eberwein, F. B.

Ypsilanti—O. Robinson, L. E.; Minor-Jefferson, L. T.; Sherzer-Tefft, L. G.; Campbell, C.; Thayer-Jefferson, R. G.; Maulbetch-Minor R. T.; Seckinger, R. E.; Proctor, Q.; Richards, L. H.; Bellows, R. H.; MacRay, (Capt.) F. B.

HERE THEY ARE

October 26—Detroit Central Freshmen at Detroit.

November 1.—Detroit Western at Ypsi.

November 9.—Alumnae

November 15.—Detroit Central Reserves at Ypsi.

November 23.—Hillsdale High at Hillsdale.

November 28.—Cleary College.

IT WAS EVER THUS

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll find it out some how
If she gets the least kind of a show.

Now we'll wager ten cents to the farthing
This poem she's already read;
We knew she'd get at it some how,
If she had to stand on her head.

—:o:—

"Faith," said Pat, examining the window,
"It's much worse than I thot, it's broke on both
sides."—Ex.

School News

The Freshmen reception, given the fourth of October by the faculty and upper classes, was a great success. It was held in the chapel and eighth-grade rooms, from seven-thirty to ten o'clock. During the first part of the evening there was given a short program. Mr. Verne Pettit and Mr. George Becker sang a duet and Mr. Marshall Byrn played a cornet solo. This was followed by two excellent selections recited by Professor McKay. Miss Murphy, as generous as the other participants, also gave an encore. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served, and all had a very pleasant time. About two hundred and seventy-five, practically the whole school, were present.

The teachers who were on the committees responsible for the evening's success were: Refreshment, Mr. Ross, Miss Hardy, and Miss Roberts; Entertainment, Mr. Arbaugh, Miss Cooper, and Miss Horrigan; Decorations, Mr. Hull, Miss Rodgers, and Miss Laird.

Ethel Clark was absent the first week of this month on account of the death of her mother.

The Sophomores held a class meeting the twenty-fourth of September. The only business transacted was the selecting of a class-pin committee.

The twenty-eighth of September, the Juniors held a meeting and, after discussing various matters, elected their officers for the coming year: President, Harry Hubbard; Vice-President, Florence Matthews; Sec.-Treas., Henry Gilmore.

Robert Bringloe was out of school for three days, beginning Monday, the seventh, because his eyes have been troubling him.

Bertha Williams visited school Friday the eighteenth.

Freda Garrett went to Detroit Tuesday, the first.

At their meeting on the ninth, the Seniors elected the following officers: President, Jennings Campbell; Vice-President, Helen Cook; Secretary, Harold Gaudy; Treasurer, Gertrude Shultes.

In a scrimmage with Cleary's team Wednesday, the second, Lamar Kishlar received a broken collar bone. After an absence of eight days, he is at school again.

The Sophomores, October eleventh, elected the following officers: President, Robert James; Vice-President, Ruth Steadman, Cec-Treas., Frank Davis. Class colors, gray and white.

Helen Cain was a visitor the ninth.

Henry Gilmore visited Detroit, Monday the fourteenth.

The Philomathian Literary Society, October ninth, organized for the ensuing year: President, Nellie Culver; Vice-President, Helen Haywood; Secretary, Ethel Clark; Treasurer, Esther Pickett.

Algernon Richards was a Detroit visitor Thursday, the tenth.

Alvin Maubetsch hurt his ankle at the game with Ann Arbor Wednesday. The ligaments were torn badly but he recovered sufficiently to return to school Monday the twenty-first.

The Freshmen held their class election October eighth: President, Jessie Miller; Vice-President, Margaret Brooks; Secretary, Velma Ensign; Treasurer, Benjamin Eddy; Yell-master, Raymond Augustus. Colors, black and gold.

On the eighteenth, the Sophomores adopted a constitution for their class. As the constitution called for both a secretary and treasurer they elected Doris Tefft treasurer with Frank Davis secretary.

Harold Kilian and Louis Burke visited Room A, the morning of Friday the eighteenth.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eye be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails on the ends of his toes?

What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the certain style
Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
And if so what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know—do you?

J O S H E S

Y. H. S.

This is a place that can't be "beat,"
Not too much cold; not too much heat;
Jolly good times and plenty to eat,
My! but I'm feeling great.

—:o:—

Miss Laird: "Mr. Reader, will you give us the word for 'bright' in German."

Mr. Reader, (Thinking) Then aloud; "Bright, bright—O! Hell!"

—:o:—

Proctor: "I understand that Miss W— has a new dress."

Bob: "Why?"

Bill: "She just went up to the dictionary."

—:o:—

Beno: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

D'Ooge: "I'd shine 'em."

—:o:—

Beyer: "Say Cid what are you doing now?"

Cid: "I am an oculist in the hotel."

Beyer: "You don't say?"

Cid: "Yes! I cut the eyes out of the potatoes."

—:o:—

N. G.—(Translating "a lange manne he was, with eyen stepe") "He was a tall man, with even steps."

—:o:—

Ed. Cannon—(after floundering faintly through preceding lines, translates loudly and promptly) "My suit is short, as you shall understand."

Miss H.: "Well, it isn't necessary to advertise it, is it?"

—:o:—

Miss H.—(during written test) "Explain how Achilles was rendered invulnerable."

Pupil writes: "Achilles could not die only in the head, because his mother dipped him in the Sticks."

—:o:—

Cinthy: "Is she proper?"

Cid: "She's so darn proper she won't accompany a man on the piano without a chap-eron."

—:o:—

B. James: "A penny for your thoughts."

Bernice: "Nothing of importance."

Bob: "Aw, tell me."

B.: "I was thinking of you."

Miss Cooper: "You boys and girls cannot imagine a world without telephones, yet I look back upon the time when we did not have them."

R. Reader: "Don't you think that in another fifty years we will have more changes?"

—:o:—

Proctor: "Hey 'Shorty,' what are the Freshmen colors?"

Webb: "A yellow streak and a piece of crepe."

—:o:—

M. Brooks to H. Morrison: "Oh my! what's that awful noise?"

Helen—(soothingly) "O! that's nothing, except that Richards has entered the building, or else Mr. Hull is whispering to one of his Juniors."

—:o:—

Miss H.—(in Eng. IV) "While Chaucer was in Italy as a diplomat, what else did he do?"

Louie Mc—(the Wise) "Had a good time!"

—:o:—

Mr. Ross: "What is velocity?"

"Stub" Cannon: "Velocity is that which you let go of a wasp with."

—:o:—

Mr. Thayer—(translating German) "She tied the strings of her hat, and hung him over her arm."

—:o:—

Shaefer: "I came along fine in my car this morning, I must have gone over forty."

Gertrude S.: "Dogs or chickens?"

—:o:—

As the subject is very antiquated and has been worn threadbare, the Sem will refrain from grinding Bob Thompson.

—:o:—

Sherzer: "Little boy, can I go through this gate?"

Boy: "I guess so; a load of hay went through this morning."

—:o:—

Wayne Burton—(giving def. of Pan) "Pan supposed to be a baby who went and lived with the fairies."

—:o:—

Miss Taylor: "What were the occupations of Coleridge?"

H. Morrison: "He got married."

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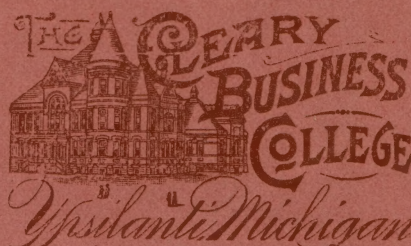
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